

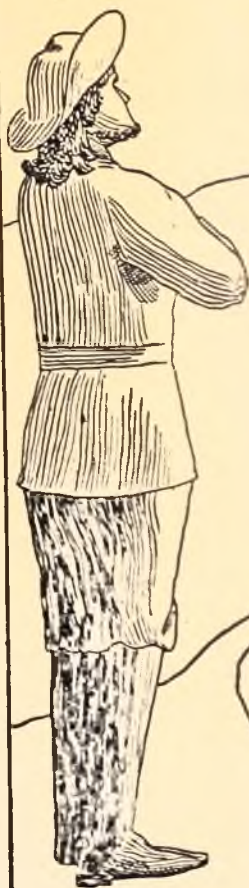
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# CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE  
DEVOTED TO  
SELF-CULTURE,  
LITERATURE AND  
PHILOSOPHY



MAN SHOULD BE TAUGHT  
**HOW TO LIVE**  
NOT  
HOW TO DIE

THE MOST HELPFUL PUBLICATION  
IN THE WORLD  
ALONG HIGHER GROWTH, SELF-CULTURE  
AND HYGIENIC LINES

Path-Finder Pub. Co., 1414 Tennessee St., Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.  
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When man dies he has demonstrated the fact that he is no longer fit to live.

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE

# Conable's Path-Finder

*A Critical Journal, Devoted to Self-Culture, Literature and Philosophy*

VOLUME IV.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., JANUARY, 1905

NUMBER 1

## Conable's Path-Finder

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, EDITOR

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BY THE EDITOR

THIS is Vol. IV, No. 106, Conable's Path-Finder, beginning with the New Year. During the past month this magazine has gained more new subscribers than during any like period of its publication.

Many friends write, "Mr. Conable, you are stronger in your writings than at any time since you started the Path-Finder. Especially does your December number evidence this."

If I were not growing stronger there would be no reason why I should continue the publication of this magazine. I may have apparently stood still during my round-about trip to California via. Arkansas, but in reality I took on the stuff down there that made me still

stronger in every way. I now kiss my hand to the powers that led me into the Ozarks. I would not forget the beauty of my temporary home there for all the gold hidden and unhidden in the Universe; and what seemed temporarily to be a crown of thorns, has blossomed forth into the most beautiful wreath of forget-me-nots, interwoven midst the olive branch of perpetual peace. So we go forth this blessed New Year with the olive branch as our permanent emblem.

May each number of Conable's Path-Finder, during the year 1905, and all succeeding years, find in every home that same conscious peacefulness which this day finds lodgment within the breast of the founder of this publication.

A sunny, prosperous and glorious New year to the entire race, is our greeting this day.

## To Subscribers to Helen Wilmans' "Freedom"

THE PATH-FINDER PUBLISHING CO. has arranged with Helen Wilmans to fill out her entire list of subscribers to "Freedom," the publication of which Mrs. Wilmans has decided to discontinue.

A paragraph in a personal letter from Helen Wilmans reads as follows:

"I want you to say to my readers that I have requested you to fill out my unexpired list of subscribers to 'Freedom;' that I hope some time to communicate with them through your magazine."

In a previous letter Mrs. Wilmans stated to the editor that thousands of her readers were clamoring for a *live* publication, and she believed the Path-Finder came nearer filling this demand than any other journal she knew of.

Coming from such a source of course the editor felt more than highly complimented. It was this remark that induced him to at once enter into negotiations with Mrs. Wilmans to fill out the unexpired list of "Freedom" subscribers.

If Conable's Path-Finder has been a *live* publication in the past, the editor is certainly now in a position, at the beginning of this glorious New Year, to make his publication more interesting than at any time since its birth.

We most earnestly desire that every name on "Freedom's list shall be continued on the subscription book of Conable's Path-Finder. We know that we can make this magazine indispensable in every household where its members are in possession of the slightest inclination to *grow*. Health, happiness and opulence come into every home where the teachings of this magazine are faithfully applied.

It is therefore, with great pleasure that we introduce this New Year number of Conable's Path-Finder to the thousands of readers of "Freedom."

It is now a fact, as the result of this combination, that this magazine has a larger circulation than any other two publications of its class in America.

And we shall double this list before the year 1906.

### The Status of the Crank

I WAS passing along the street the other day and heard one man say to another: "Show me a crank and I will show you a d—n fool." I remarked to myself, "here is a text for a short discourse."

Show me a crank and I will show you a *thinker*—not a d—n fool, or any other kind of a fool. The young man was mistaken. The so-called cranks of the world have always been the thinking men and women of their time. Look back over past history and see who the thinkers have been—all of whom were denominated as cranks by the ignorant unthinking world.

The time has arrived when the man who dares to think a little in advance of the conventionalities of the day is regarded as being a little "off" in the upper story—in fact, is a crank—in the

minds of the individuals who are incapable of generating an original thought. You cannot put your finger on a single individual who has become a conspicuous actor in the progressive growth of the world who has not, in his day and generation, been classed among the so-called cranks.

Buddah was a crank, Socrates was a crank, Christ was a crank, Martin Luther was a crank, Christopher Columbus was a crank, and millions of less conspicuous lights in the world's history have been regarded as cranks.

The thinking man is always a crank. It is the man who does not think for himself who is the d—n fool. I felt sorry for the man who gave utterance to the words quoted above, for by his very statement he gave conclusive evidence that he was incapable of putting forth an original idea.

It has become quite in "form" for the men and the women who can sit down "properly" at a social function, to look upon every one else who does not spend his or her time in absorbing the ideas of others, as ignoramuses and cranks. I always feel sorry for the Egos that are obliged to inhabit the bodies of such monstrosities. My heart goes out to them. I don't care a fig for the physical part of such creatures.

Now, I do not mind being called a crank, or the "other fellow." I rather enjoy it. I accept all these little courtesies of personal attention as complimentary in the highest degree—that is I would accept them as such did the accusations emanate from anything but brainless sources. The man with brains is never aware that such a thing as a crank exists. He knows that except for the alleged crank the whole world would still be masticating its food with a double set of molars. He knows that the "crank" is responsible for all the progress of all past ages, and that the fellow who sits on the fence and shouts "crank," is the only d—n fool there is in sight; so the "crank" goes on getting crankier every day and the world grows apace with the wisdom evolved by the "crank."

It is just lovely to be a crank—that is, to be capable of thinking real thoughts; to be capable of saying and



doing something that attracts the attention of other thinkers and doers.

Personally, I am perfectly indifferent to the opinions of any one who has not made a scientific study of Nature's methods of building and equipping the race. No one who has never made a study of the subject is capable of passing upon any phase of it, hence the opinions of such people carry no weight whatever. The intelligent man never criticises a proposition that he has not first thoroughly investigated.

Show me a "crank" and I will show you a wise man and a philosopher.

Show me the critic of a "crank" and I will show you the sort of a fool mentioned in the above quotation.

Would that there were a million more "cranks" among us with a showing like this, the world would be much less of a paralytic than it now is, and the race would travel faster upward than at any time since it emerged from the animal kingdom.

### Four Articles of Faith

I HAVE passed through a "religious" experience lately. I have been again "converted," but not in the ordinary sense of religious conversion. My anatomy was filled with that sort when I was a boy—when I used to be walked four miles every Sunday to hear a two hours' dissertation on hell, hell fire, damnation, infant damnation, and all the other big and little damnations that an ignorant, itinerant gospel juggler could conceive, with which to confound and confuse an equally ignorant gathering of hungry listeners; and then, on top of this, I had to spend two more hours in a Sunday school, taught by a lot of the funniest old eiders and dames that I have ever seen outside a circus tent. By the time the show was over, I was so tired that I couldn't see straight, and so hungry that I used to steal the communion bread to stay the gnawings of my stomach. Often I would go sound asleep during the loudest ravings of some of these itinerants, and dream that I was in hell, being stewed to a finish. Then I would awaken suddenly and startle the whole congregation with a snort and a yell that fairly palsied the

entire outfit. Some thought the town was on fire; others, who had heard me before, knew that I was just emerging from hell and was hungry. My mother would take my by the hand and lead me out into the open air, away from the stifling odors emitted by the old tobacco chewers in the amen corner, and I would soon come to.

This is how I was "converted" in my early youth.

But this has nothing to do with my later "conversion."

Some people, you know, have to be converted to their *own* faith. Many of us are filled to the brim with certain faith, but before we *know* absolutely that we are on the right road, we must undergo what our orthodox friends call "conversion." That is, we must have faith so strongly implanted within every fiber of our being that absolute conviction takes possession of us.

I have long been filled with an absorbing faith that all the teachings set forth in the columns of this magazine were based upon absolute truth. This conviction has been so strong that I have had no hesitation in giving them forth to the world as the real truths of life. I have *felt* all along that I *knew* what I was talking about, but not until recently have I *known* that I *knew* absolutely the truth of the things I have been contending for all these years. I *know* now that I *know*. I have *seen*, I have *heard*, I *know*.

But, perhaps, in the face of the fact that more than 25,000 new readers will see Conable's Path-Finder, this January number, for the first time, it were well that they understand just what a Path-Finder's "religious creed" is.

Personally, I am a Naturalist—a *Naturalist*. A Naturalist is one who has implicit faith that Nature—Mother Nature—is the only legitimate dam of all that *Is*, ever *has been*, and *ever will be*, and that there is *no other* "Virgin Mary."

Isn't that simple?

Now, the whole "gospel" of a Path-Finder is embraced within the confines of the four "articles of faith" here appended:

First—Man should be taught *how* to *Live*—not how to die.

Second—Every man's Soul is *saved*,

ever *has* been saved and ever *will* be saved.

Third—Mother Nature—the great Universal Creative Energy—is the *only* legitimate dam of *all* that *is*, ever *has* been and ever *will* be.

Fourth—There is *no other* "Virgin Mary."

That isn't a very long or a very complex creed to subscribe to, is it? There is nothing irrational, ambiguous or hellish about that creed, is there? There is nothing in that creed that conflicts with any passage in the Scriptures, or with the convictions that find lodgment within the innermost depths of your conscience, is there?

Let me tell you something, friends. The above simple four articles of Path-Finder faith encompass the *entire* contents of both the Old and New Testament, with nothing omitted that is of vital moment to any living human being. That is putting it pretty broad, I know; but go into the closest analytical examination of each paragraph, and then take them all as a whole, and the verification of what I here claim will force itself upon you so absolutely that all doubts will vanish, and the mighty truth will come to you so forcibly that you will *know*, with me, that the complete solution of the problem of life, so far as it relates to man's presence here on this earth and his future growth and unfoldment, is found in the above condensed "articles of faith."

During the coming year I want 500,000 homes to contain the above simple little Path-Finder Creed—or, "The Creed of a Path-Finder," as they will be known. I am going to have them beautifully printed on cards, in letters of gold, that they may be had and preserved by all who wish them. The autograph signature of the editor of Conable's Path-Finder will be found on each card. These will be sent to any address, singly or in any number, on receipt of a two-cent postage stamp for each card to pay for mailing.

The above is the faith to which I have been "converted." It is the only faith that has ever appealed to me. It is the only faith that I know to be without flaw or fiction. It is the one faith that I have personally demonstrated to be *true*. So absolutely sure am I that this

encompasses the One Great Truth in Life, I am putting it out to the world, in Letters of Gold, that it may find lodgment within every heart where there lingers a single uncertain beat.

### The Ideal Diet

A FRIEND residing in Pomona, Cal., writes as follows:

"As one trying the raw food diet through your book, 'The Kitchen Problem Solved,' I am wanting to know whether you are yet making the uncooked bread that you promised. The Macerated Wheat and Dr. Thomas' bread may be very good, but it seems rather strange that we should have to pay at the rate of 25 cents a pound for an article that should cost about one-tenth of this amount.

"So far I have kept pretty well on the raw food, but though much below normal, I don't seem to be able to add weight. Perhaps my avocation (violinist) doesn't tend to bring up my condition.

"I commenced the new dietary in June last and have been faithful, with a few lapses when I was staying away from home, but have lost weight instead of attaining the happy results I had so much faith of attaining.

"It may interest you to know that some years ago, after an unsuccessful attempt to live on fruits in California, myself and a friend left for the tropics, where we hoped to be able to get enough of the non-acid, fresh, ripe fruits to live upon, but it is a sad fact that in Samoa, Hawaii, even Ceylon, Singapore, Borneo and Java, we were unable to obtain a regular supply of properly ripened fruits, and we believed that bananas and other fruits taken from the plants or trees, long before they were ripe and allowed to ripen, or rather, as we thought, rot, to a sweetness and softness to be edible, were very inferior to those that were picked and eaten with the life still in them, so I reluctantly gave up the attempt to live on fruits alone.

"However, I took a fresh start when I ran across your book, and with the wheat steeped and some cheese, olive oil and eggs added to the fruit and nuts, am as well, at least, as on the cooked diet, and am resolved on staying on the uncooked food until something scares me off.

"If you can tell me of the best way to get the wheat, something better than steeping, I should be very much obliged indeed."

— — — — —  
The uncooked proposition is one that cannot be grasped in its entirety in a moment, or in a few months. All the functions of the body must first be trained to the new conditions. A body that is accustomed to cooked foods, largely composed of stimulants, must undergo a steady and persistent change before the uncooked foods will be accepted as a whole and made to take the place of the foods we are trying to discard. All diseased and effete matter must be gotten rid of gradually—by intelligent fasting and slow processes of a steady, but moderate change of diet.

Many of the cooked foods are fattening, while nearly all uncooked foods that are palatable and desirable, are muscle and tissue building, rich blood makers and brain constructors. At first, in introducing the change in the dietary, we lose flesh—that is, we gradually rid ourselves of all superfluous fats and diseased foreign accumulations; all effete matter that loads down the body and clouds over the intellect. But we must not expect to attain to the most desirable and satisfactory results in a very few months. It takes several years to reach the acme of a perfected physical structure, and then only when we have persistently lived a clean, wholesome life; have fasted out the old, dead tissues and have taken on the new, live, living cells, and so educated the functions of the body that the demand for all purely stimulating foods and drinks has been eliminated.

Our friend is evidently getting along mighty well, and with the well formulated desire to do the right things that his communication evidences, he will soon be so clean and wholesome, and alive, that every hair of the bow that

touches the strings of his violin will tell of the God-power within. There is never anything in common with man's Inner Self and red beef steaks and bologna sausage—or even eggs, which are but unhatched chickens.

Remenyi, whom I believe to have been the greatest violinist of his day—after he became a *man*—was never able to bring to the surface that wondrous Divine inspiration until after he eschewed all animal foods and had purified his body. Then he played like a God, and men, women and children, in his great audiences, stood up in their chairs in order to properly work off the pent-up accumulations of thrilling appreciation which this great artist generated in the conscious faculties of every listener.

But Remenyi, after many years of clean, rational living, was finally induced to relapse. He again took up meat-eating and as a result was soon forced into vaudeville work in order to support his family, and shortly after, dropped dead on a vaudeville stage in San Francisco.

The ego would tolerate no relapsing, so it stepped out of the flesh that had again been made unclean—and the great violinist was no more.

This tragedy was a shock to me. For three years previous I had been his closest friend and adviser. I had helped him to get on his feet when careless financiering had wrecked him.

But these are all great lessons to me—experiences that have made it possible to make the very best out of my own life. I *know* that a purified body is what the Living Life within us demands, and that without it, there is chaos everywhere.

— — — — —  
The ideal diet, as has been stated a hundred times in these columns, is an uncooked one—consisting in great degree of fruits and nuts, vegetable salads, with olive oil, etc. But, as I have also stated as many times, we cannot all grow into this form of dietary—although the perfectly natural one—in a few weeks or a few months. There must be gradual stepping-stones. Among other things, there is the bread question. No one has, as yet, succeeded in solving this problem successfully, and it is doubtful



if ever it is solved successfully. Of course when we reach the point where we can, and wish to, live wholly upon fruits and nuts—fruits principally—there is no place for bread, and we do not need it. As a matter of fact, I have grown away entirely from all forms of cereals, except now and then a little bread, and this I would eliminate altogether, except that I have friends to lunch with me almost every day, and they still like a little bread and olive oil. I like it myself. I have used a little of what is called aerated bread—no rising in it whatever, but I finally discovered that instead of it being made of the pure whole wheat as the maker states it is, it is composed of white flour, or shorts, and bran. So I went back on this aerated bread; but I understand that some other people are going to give us the pure stuff.

But best of all, that I know of, in the shape of unleavened cooked bread, is what I call Path-Finder bread. I will here give the recipe:

Take two quarts of clean whole wheat, grind it yourself in an old fashioned coffee mill. Soak this in a little water for a half hour. Now grind a cupful of almonds or English walnuts, or both; take a half cupful of pure California olive oil (none of the imported olive oil is pure), add a little salt to season; mix and pound altogether—flour and all—after having relieved the flour of any superfluous water—which there should not be—mix and pound with a rolling pin for ten minutes; then make into loaves three inches in thickness and bake in a slow oven for *three* hours—until the outside is nice and brown. Instead of butter, use olive oil and a little sprinkling of salt on the bread. It is about the most wholesome and nutritious stuff you ever ate, besides being most palatable. Try it.

I don't like soaked or steamed wheat. A little later there will be a department added to this magazine treating upon cooked vegetarian and uncooked foods and dishes. I recognize the fact that right foods are the basis of right living and right thinking, and to this end I shall devote considerable space in the near future. I aim, eventually, to establish Path-Finder pure food cafes in all

the large cities of the country—wherever there are a sufficient number of interested persons to make them self-sustaining.

Let no one be discouraged simply because satisfactory results in an uncooked dietary are not forthcoming at once. Eat "mixed" meals—say one cooked meal a day, or three a week—something like that—until the bodily functions become accustomed and adapted to the changed system.

Once there is a complete bodily renovation, and a glimpse of the New Light that will be seen is discernable, even though it be in the far-off horizon, we would not go back to the old ways for all the gold in the kingdom.

### The Devil, John D. Rockefeller and Earthquakes

RECENTLY there occurred several subterranean disturbances in the oil fields in southern Texas, causing some of the oil wells to cease flowing entirely, and lessening the flow of many others. Simultaneously with this disturbance, reports come from several merchant vessel captains, that they had encountered a great field of crude oil on the surface of the water about two hundred miles off the New Orleans coast. Oil was bubbling up on the surface of the water in many places. It is supposed that an earthquake turned this great body of oil loose.

Supposing this immense flow of oil should keep up for a few months and some one should apply a torch to it, there would literally be a sea of fire covering all the South Atlantic waters. The effect of such conflagration resulting from fire and smoke, can be but dimly realized.

Just what the direct cause was that induced all this crude oil to cut loose and lubricate the surface of the sea, is a matter that transcends the comprehension of all ordinary mortals. Still we would not be surprised if some of our orthodox friends charged the work up to the devil and his subterranean associates. It is said that the devil has long been after John Rockefeller. He (the devil), has organized numerous competitive oil trusts in the past, hoping thereby to give the old man such a



nervous shock that their joint interests might be amalgamated, but each time the billionaire has switched off and either purchased a half dozen railroads or a brood of merchant vessels in order to control the shipping channels of the continent. So the devil decided to turn all the crude oil loose on the troubled waters, even if it did cut off the resources of the Chicago University and prostrate President Harper with another attack of appendicitis; or result still more disastrously and paralyze young John's Sunday School operations.

But speaking of appendicitis, what a craze there is among the medical profession to extract this organ every time a patient has an acute attack of pain in the stomach. But occasionally, however, the doctors get left. For instance, not so very long ago a man with a bad case of stomach ache went to a doctor for relief. The doctor at once diagnosed the case as appendicitis and told the man it would be necessary to remove the appendix if he wanted to survive and continue to trod the irrigated grass plots on this planet. The patient demurred and wanted to know of the doctor if he didn't have a little medicine that would do the job, at least temporarily. The doctor assured the man that nothing but cutting out the organ would avail. "All right," replied the sufferer, "I guess I can pull through as I have already had the blamed thing cut out twice."

But this has nothing to do with the devil and John Rockefeller and earthquakes, further than that I would like to here suggest to the devil that he might, with profit, also devote a little of his time to the appendix fiend, and incidentally to the same profession that is busily engaged in unsexing so many women.

This last, not, because I wish to see these women become mothers; far from it, for there is only one woman in a million that is fit, physically, to bear children; but because the sex functions are closely allied to the spiritual self, and when these creative organs are removed, a bar is placed on high spiritual attainment.

A penitentiary penalty should attach

to this sort of work on the part of doctors.

Here is a most prolific field in which the devil can operate with both hands.

But personally, I am always sorry for the man who has to have his appendix removed more than once. And just think how disappointing it must be to the doctor who performs the second operation.

### A Moment with Santa Claus

JUST as the writer was quietly indulging in a few "Short-Path" paragraphs, his door bell rang and an expressman handed him a package. It was addressed to "Edgar Wallace Conable, from Lucas." Down in one corner were these words: "A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year Every Day." That sounded just like our beloved friend, Lucas. "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year *Every Day*." That's the life Lucas leads himself—a merry and happy one every day—during rain, sunshine or fog.

Over in Santa Barbara, where Lucas was born, as a mere lad, every one called him "Sunny Lucas." He used to sell the local daily papers on the streets, and he always had both pockets full of nickles because of the sunny smile that never left his face. The same smile is there still, only intensified into a perpetual sunbeam.

But what did the box contain? The proverbial neckties, handkerchiefs and soap? No. Lucas knew what a Path-Finder home needed most, so he sent it.

I have seen raisins before, and behind, and from all sides, but never did my eyes feast upon such a box of so magnificently beautiful ones as were revealed to my astonished gaze when the cover was finally removed. Great luscious bunches, each single raisin as large as a quarter of a dollar—or two bits, as they say here in California—all tied up with dainty bits of red and green and yellow and pink ribbons—and the express charges prepaid besides.

To the average housewife, a sight like this would immediately turn her thoughts to the old-fashioned cholera morbus bag pudding. I have seen them myself—in the past—and felt them besides—not in the future, but in my stom-

ach. I have felt them for weeks; but the folks said that my digestion had the spinal meningitis, and that I must lay off for a while and not try to digest anything harder than six-penny nails, so I gave the bag pudding a furlough, and incidentally my digestive organs, until Christmas again appeared on the scene.

Strange, isn't it, how the natal anniversary of the Christ is celebrated by murdering millions upon millions of beautiful little green trees, whose lives are as dear and sacred to them as the lives of anything in the animate realm.

The density of man's senses shuts out the wail that goes forth from these dear little evergreen growths of the forest and plain, but the agony is there just the same. The mighty energy put forth to sustain life on barren crest and jagged rock, and fertileless plain by these living creations of the Great Master, ought to be the protecting arm that would stay the crimson hand of ruthless slaughter.

But every church in the land is this shining Christmas day filled with the inanimate bodies of this gloriously beautiful dead; and each one vies with the other to see which shall head the growing list of the terrible slaughter.

Every time I see one of these beautiful manifestations of the terrible struggle to sustain life, and witness the gloriously beautiful tints of its foliage, and the proud mein of its stately body and branches, I am thrilled in every atom of my whole being with the mighty consciousness that there is life eternal for every living thing, and that man is a criminal whenever he slaughters the helpless and innocent to gratify an abnormal desire to amuse himself or others.

Then what shall we say of a "Christian" race that stops not with the destruction of inanimate life, but slaughters the animate in order to appease a purely perverted appetite?

Just think of putting a delicious box of raisins along side of a greasy roast pig, with a cob in its mouth and a pink ribbon around its tail that the Christ birth may be properly celebrated.

Our Salvation Army friends sit on the street corners with an imitation roast turkey on a board, in which a slot

has been cut for the reception of nickles and quarters for the purpose of purchasing the real roast turkey upon which to feed the disciples of the ever-living Christ!

But we are not expecting so much from these people as we are from the "higher churchmen." The Salvation Army people are simply following in the wake of an example set by those who ought to know better if they do not, and we cannot seriously blame them. They are doing the best they know with the enlightenment that has come to them.

There was no stain of blood to crimson the hand of any of the Path-Finder family on Christmas day—either from the beautiful inanimate growths of the forests or from once conscious life whose eyes were prematurely dimmed by the hand of "civilized" man.

"Sunny" Lucas helped to make Christmas-tide with us more sunny than ever, and helped to fill our hearts with greater warmth, with greater sympathy and with deeper compassion for all mankind.

And we sincerely trust that *every day*, for all future time, will be a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year for every reader of Conable's Path-Finder.

### King Birds and Bears

THE LAST to survive of Russia's Port Arthur fleet has been torpedoed by the little Japs. Have you ever seen a little king bird fight an eagle? One little king bird smaller than an English sparrow, and filled up on dainty bits of seeds, will lick the stuffing out of a great bald-headed eagle that swoops down on small babies and half-grown pigs for its noon-day luncheon. And here is a parallel case in the Far East—one Jap with a stomach filled with rice juice, is equivalent to three Russians filled up on flesh foods. Intellectually, physically and spiritually, the meat-eater is below par. His intellect is dwarfed and his morals are stunted. A nation of such, like the Russians, the English, the French and others, will have to institute great reforms in the social and political economy of their respective governments, else the same Mighty Power that swept the Atlan-

tians from the face of the earth will likewise submerge them. The nations that keep clean and wholesome and live along rational lines, will command, in due time, both land and sea—not with fortresses and war-ships—but with that mighty power which is the gift of man when seeking that which will unfold and perfect the individual along the highest lines of development.

A meat-eating race is a blood-thirsty, mind-beclouded, licentious product, always seeking trouble and always finding it; the most arbitrary in its forms of so-called religious worship, yet utterly devoid of the slightest comprehension as to what it means to teach and practice the precepts of true Christianity.

I was amused some time ago to read in a Los Angeles paper that it would be impossible for a race of idol worshippers (meaning the Japanese) to cope successfully with a *Christian* nation like the Russians. Why, bless your soul, there is more Christianity in the little finger of the littlest Jap that ever saw the light of day than there is in the whole Russian Empire combined. At this time—before any guns were fired—this same local paper stated that the Japs were a chicken-hearted race at best, and would soon be swallowed up by the Russians.

It has been proven that it is not necessary to show a Jap how to die. He already knows how, and this is because he also knows how to live.

People who do not live right are always moral cowards. They may display, in an emergency, exhibitions of physical prowess, but morally they are far below the standard.

The little Japanese king bird is sitting astride the neck of the great Russian bear and cannot be dislodged until the latter is safely treed within the limits of its own legitimate domain. Then it will fly back to its perch, pick up a few more seeds, and be in readiness to receive the next invading foe.

### Fish Eating

A FRIEND residing in Houston, Texas, writes:

"FRIEND CONABLE:—One thing has always puzzled me—if fish eating, and I take it that it is the same

as flesh eating, is wrong, why did Christ, the purest and best soul that ever graced this earth, encourage it by assisting the fishermen who were his apostles, to catch them for consumption? Understand, I eat neither fish nor flesh. I broke away from that practice some time since, and have profited by it in health; still the query prompts itself."

The same history that tells us of the Christ life also tells us of the Christ *death*—or rather, of the death of Jesus, the physical man. The word Christ simply signifies the Divine principle existent within the body of the man Jesus. This same Christ principle we find within every living thing, but it is only here and there that this principle has been brought into so conspicuous manifestation as was possible and made apparent in the case of Jesus; still Jesus was far from being perfect from a physical point of view. That his was the purest and noblest character of his time, or since, I would not presume to question. That he did many things during his life that were then regarded as sinless, but which modern "enlightenment" now classes among flagrant social evils, neither do I question.

We all know that the fish is the scavenger of the sea and all other waters. It feeds upon its own dead and all other dead things. It is so filled with filth that every atom of it is a stench even in life, and every vessel in which it is cooked or even laid upon, must be thoroughly sanitized before it can be used for any other purpose. And just think of people putting this sort of food into their stomachs!

Jesus may have eaten fish and helped his apostles to catch them for consumption. I say, he *may* have. I don't know that he did or didn't, but the only words bearing on the subject of taking life that the record gives as having come direct from the lips of Jesus are, "Thou shalt not kill." He makes no specification or reservation; just simply says, "Thou shalt not kill." If this means anything, it means what it says.

Personally, I do not believe that Jesus after undertaking the labor of bodily purification which was necessary in or-

der that he might become a Master, ever ate a morsel of flesh in any form. This is my own personal conviction. I don't ask any one else to accept it as a fact. I simply *know* that *no one* can or ever has become a Master who ate either flesh, fish or fowl. This is simply one of the impossibilities. And I *believe* that Jesus was a Master.

## SHORT PATHS

Since writing the paragraph on the Los Angeles "River," we have had quite a rainfall, so this stream, for a few days, was traceable some little distance, making it for a time, navigable for boots. Please do not confound the word "boots" with "boats." This is not a typographical error.

—A strong article, this month, comes from the pen of Nannette Magruder Pratt. The editor wrote Mrs. Pratt that he wanted a "cracker-jack" for his January number, and forthwith it came. All Nannette has to do is to press the button and brainy, practical thoughts flow like crystal waters down the mountain slopes.

—Elizabeth Towne comes forth, right in the holiday season, with a brand new book entitled, "Practical Methods for Self-Development." This book is cloth bound, a hundred and sixty pages and the price is \$1.00. It is worth—well, a hat full of gold is of no concern along side of anything that is helpful to the race. This book will help every one who reads it. Just send a dollar to the author, Holyoke, Mass. If you haven't the dollar, borrow one. It will pay you.

—Dr. Snoko, under the regular heading of "Hoosier Paths," has a most interesting article this month along hygienic and higher growth lines. This good doctor is constantly growing stronger in his convictions that Nature provides a better and safer method of treating the afflicted than has been possible for man to invent. It is refreshing to encounter an honest doctor—that is, one who is willing to admit that the drug treatment, at best, affords but temporary relief to the patient. Our "Hoosier Paths" contributor gives every evidence of being an honest doctor; anyway, he is a brainy man and his articles are always worth reading.

—The editor has arranged with the noted physical culture teacher, Mr. U. G. Fletcher, of Danville, Ill., to furnish a series of illustrated articles for Conable's Path-Finder, under the general heading of "Practical Physical Culture for the Home." These articles will be found of practical value to every member of every family—men, women and children. Mr. Fletcher lives and teaches along Path-Finder lines in the application of his work and exercises. We feel certain that all our readers will experience decided benefit from the reading and application of this course of instruction.

"My Lady Beautiful," or "The Perfection of Womanhood," by Alice M. Long (M. A. Long, publisher, 6418 Stewart avenue, Chicago, Ill.), is a gilt-edged, exquisitely bound, illustrated book which the author has been kind enough to send to me. Now, I am "up" on physical culture books. I have studied the science of "right methods" for the past fifteen years or more, and am a teacher myself along all lines of physical, mental and spiritual growth, so when I say that this book of "My Lady Beautiful" is *all right*, I speak with authority. It were well as suggested in an accompanying circular, that it should be in a million homes. The price is \$1, with ten cents added for postage.

—The Colorado Supreme Court appears to be having its hands full trying to send all the election thieves to the penitentiary. Colorado is in sore need of a prosecutor Folk. With such a man as Folk after the thieves, there would be great concern among the Colorado contingent in the United States Senate.

—The editor had the pleasure of entertaining Mr. and Mrs. J. Stitt Wilson and Mr. Benjamin Wilson at a five o'clock luncheon recently. J. Stitt is giving Sunday addresses at Cummock Hall and class lessons during the week. Benjamin Wilson was just returning to his home in Berkeley, Cal., after a long season of platform work. An evening of social intercourse and a little music made the visit of these friends most enjoyable. Mr. Wilson's Sunday addresses along higher growth and unfoldment of the individual, are head and shoulders above anything we have heard in



Los Angeles, and they are in perfect harmony with the teachings of this magazine.

—Ever since coming to Los Angeles I have been trying to find what it is they call the Los Angeles river. The other day it was pointed out to me. I had crossed this "river" a hundred times, but didn't know 'twas a river. The thing they call river is a strip of irregular, depressed sand and gravel, old boots and tin cans. True, there are several bridges across this dry run, but up to this time I had supposed these bridges were merely viaducts. I said to my companion, "Where is the water?" "Oh, you'll see water after a while when it rains." "You see," continued my informant, "the reason there is no water now or at any time except when it rains is, an irrigating company some years ago, inserted a two-inch pipe into the stream several miles from town, and this diverted all the water." I see, I see. I suppose whenever there is a real flood here, people are compelled to wear knee pants if they desire to cross this river. But to one who held a fishing rod on the banks of the Mississippi for thirty years, this water question in California is likely to knock all the Baptist religion out of him. Still, I suppose, in a great emergency, one can buy ice and melt it. Or, better and cheaper still, he can do his immersing in native wine and re-bottle it for communion purposes. There is nothing like being practical and resourceful.

The fruit growers of Southern California were \$8,000,000 behind on their

products for the year 1904. With the increased facilities for not getting water, with railroad rates and other conditions "favorable," these fruit growers should add at least four millions to this sum during the year 1905. Still, there is no reduction on the price of climate here. But pretty soon I am going to give this climate a severe test. I am going to take a fast that will put the thing on its honor. If we are being overcharged for climate here, I want to know it before I have tied myself up permanently to the town. I find, that the whole State is for sale. This is no exaggeration. You can buy anything here in the shape of real estate, orchards, fruit lands, etc., often much less than the last purchaser paid for them, for the last man buying, as a rule, gets woefully stuck. You buy a piece of land; you are told that there is water in abundance, but after you get the land you discover, for the first time, that your water provided you get any at all, will cost you more in one year than you can get for a five years' crop. Thousands upon thousands of Easterners, who could command but a moderate amount of capital, have been ruined and been obliged to walk out of the country because of their inability to live and make necessary payments on property purchased. Everything looks mighty beautiful here—sometimes, but we do not want any Path-Finder friend to come to California, who has limited means, and ever expect to make a living out of fruit growing. It cannot be done—at least not under existing conditions.

## Dead Yesterdays

(THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE)

BY ERRANTE

### CHAPTER XIV.

"I can hear the life as it leaps with life,  
And the drum's roll madly, too,"  
Was the old man's sigh as with kindling eye  
He would hum the war songs through.  
It's Jimmy Shea—that's how he'd play  
When the road was hard and long.  
And it's Billy's drum that is calling 'come,'  
As it keeps time with the song."

—Unknown.

AT OUR quarters, the evening of the surrender, I was presented to Colonel Rincon Gallardo (1) a prominent officer of the Republican forces, who,

(1) The English equivalent of the Spanish word, "Gallardo" would be a combination of brave, generous, gallant and dashing; and this splendid, whole-souled Mexican officer certainly merited the name he bore.

after a long and interesting conversation regarding the events of the terrible siege, and telling me that the only man on earth who could save the Emperor's life was Wm. H. Seward, insinuated, or at least gave me to understand that he, personally would be pleased were His Majesty facilitated an "evasion"; and, that as far as compatible with strict duty, he would be tempted to wink at any effort to liberate him.

I could see by the significant glances of mutual intelligence passing between the Colonel and my friend the gambler that the subject under discussion was not by any means casual, but I could not understand why it had been broached to a boy of my unimportance, nor could I imagine any possible means of liberating the heavily guarded person of my unfortunate chief, but I instinctively realized that the idea had been given to me to be passed along to older and more experienced officers of the Empire who were on parole.

We had a cigar and a glass of wine, and the wife of the proprietor entering the parlor engaged me in conversation as the Colonel and her husband left us, and a moment later I heard the loud angry voice of my friend, the gambler, shouting: "Out of my house you contemptible traitor! Quick here; Pablo, Juan! Pitch this miserable scoundrel into the street! The traitor is for use, not for association" and hastily arriving at the scene of the unusual row, as the employees were yanking the offender through the street entrance I asked the Colonel what it meant.

"That," he answered me, pointing to the officer being ejected, his eyes blazing with scorn, "that *thing* is Colonel Lopez of the Imperial Army. That thing was the favorite of the Prince he sold forty-eight hours after being decorated by his victim's hand. That thing? Uff! Carrajo! The white-livered Iscariot makes me ashamed of being a Mexican. Come away, and let us have a drink of Tiquila, I want to get the taste of the wretches name out of my mouth."

Later, when I related the incident to Kopetzky, that worthy, twisting and squirming under his blanket with pain writhed out: "Kritz, himmil, dunder-vetter! Why didn't you shoot him, you

big overgrown baby? Donner un blitzen! Is there no Cazador man enough to run Lopez through, or lodge an ounce of lead in his rotten heart? Curse him! If I could only stand on this blasted leg of mine for a few hours I would make short work of him, if I swung for it."

I tried to explain to him that the few of us left were only on parole, and not out of the woods, by a long chalk; but by my explanations only produced torrents of polyglot profanity,—the more excited he became the more languages he would use,—and when he began flinging boots, and books at me, I left him to stew in his own ire.

On the night of the 17th my friend, the gambler, took me into his private officer, and, after carefully locking the door, informed me that a plot was on foot at the Convent of the Cross to liberate the Emperor, see him to the coast where an Austrian Man-of-War awaited his arrival, and send him out of the country. Asking me if the conspirators could count on me, and on being emphatically assured in the affirmative, he told me that Salm-Salm and the Princess were at the bottom of the plot; that the guard had been bribed, and that my part in the affair would be to get together, the next day, as many as possible of the Cazadores who could be relied on—picked men, who would be furnished horses and passports in the City, and two leagues out, with Spencer carbines. We were to take the road to Tuxpam, and form a rear guard for the Emperor and his party after they had passed us. The attempt, he assured me, could not fail to be successful, and Maximilian was to leave Queretaro the following night.

The 18th was a busy day with me, but by nine in the morning Cabriolier was on the road to Cerrogerdo, talking French and broken English to a Mexican guide who understood neither, and by sun-down he had been followed by sixteen others in parties of two and three. In the early evening when I was about to steal away with a Mexican lieutenant of the regiment of the Empress, Colonel Gallardo called me to one side, and heartily pressing my hand, told me that he understood that I was leaving for the coast, and that in case I ever needed a friend in Mexico I could con-

sider him as such. O'Reilly we left behind, slightly wounded by a piece of shell.

Twelve miles from the city our party had united. We had been joined by a party of Mexicans—and all told numbered about fifty well armed, and well mounted men. Our rendezvous was well off the main road where we left an unarmed and unmounted sentinel to advise of the approach of the Emperor's party, or of any detachments of troops that might put in an appearance, but the night wore tediously on until the stars faded into the flush of approaching day without his Majesty's appearance, and a runner we had despatched cityward in the early hours of morning returned at noon to inform us that the plans had miscarried, and that Salm-Salm was a prisoner. "Incomunicado."

As best we could the most of us returned to Queretaro, a few of us, myself among the number, escaping imprisonment after having "the riot act" read to us by the City Marshall. My gambler friend was sorely disappointed at our failure, as I also judged Colonel Gallardo to be, though he did not so express himself. He admired Maximilian as one brave man admires another, and I have no doubt would have been secretly overjoyed had he escaped. How much, if anything, he had to do with the complot I never learned, but I have always imagined he was fully cognizant of its details.

It appears that at the moment Maximilian was about to freely leave his prison at the Convent of the Cross, he was informed that Miramon and Mejia, his fellow prisoners, would not be allowed to accompany him, on learning which he turned to his officers—some ten or a dozen who were awaiting his departure, and after thanking them for their efforts in his behalf, said: "Gentlemen, history shall never say that the Emperor of Mexico abandoned his companions in arms under such conditions."

Nothing would move his resolution. Not even the prayers and pleadings of Mejia and Miramon, who begged him, by proxy to save himself. His weeping officers threw themselves at his feet begging him in the name of the Empress, and of his mother, to accept the liberty

and life offered him, but all in vain. He was a Hapsburg, and with all their faults and weaknesses the Hapsburgs know how to die.

The night after the execution I was called to the Hospital in haste where I found my old friend, O'Reilly, dying of gangrene. As I entered the sick man's room from the patio a priest bearing the reliquary, surrounded by a dozen sisters of charity repeating responses, with lighted tapers in hand, was leaving; and I realized that my old hero was in a bad way, for evidently the last rites of the church had been administered to him.

"Ah, liftinint," he said as I grasped his feverish hand, instilling into my grip as much encouragement as possible under the circumstances, "It's detailed to the beyant I am in the ordther av the day, me bye; and its afeered I am that its the long march entirely it is."

"Not so corporal," I answered, cheerily as possible, recognizing that he was perfectly cognizant of, and resigned to the inevitable, "there's less than the thickness of a sheet of paper between any of us and eternity. Have you made your peace with your God?"

"Mostly bye, mostly. Well, well; what a quare wurreld it is intirely! It's yerself was kilt a fortnight ago; kilt intirely, and here yez ar as sound as a dollar, and meself, that ingean favers nor the rooshian bullets cuddent kill, a wondherring where the divvil I'll be bi this time tomorrow; and all from a bit av a scratch not worth tuppence ha'penny. Yis lad I am at pace wid the church. Sure His Riverence dident underherstand a word av me confession, nor meself a word av what he said to me, but I'm thinking the Good God will underherstand the two av us and not be too hard on a poor divvil av a soger that thried to do his juty by all av thim; but its very desconsolating to confiss to a black man that underherstands niver a word av what yez ar telling him. 'Twould be aisyer wid a praste av our own kind."

"Never mind O'Reilly; don't fret about the color of your father confessor. Remember that the good book says "confess your faults one to the other, the prayer of a good man availeth much." And, besides; remember that the "*Ego te absolvo*," of a Catholic Priest is the same

the world over; under any sky amidst any race; and that a Priest's color—like our own—is only skin deep. Have no fear. The unseen world can be no worse than this."

"Thru fer yez, liftinint; thru fer yez. It's a very consolating lad yez be, intirely; It's not afeered I am to die, at all at all, tho its murderin me kind I've been ever since I wor able to hould a gun. Oh the sorry thrade, liftinint! The sorry thrade this sogeren! Lift me a bit, lad; lift me a bit, its choking I am. There, that's aisyer, bye, that's aisyer:" and fumbling under his pillow he brought forth a crumpled oil-skin package containing his medals and papers, and handing them to me continued: "Yez wud obligate me greatly, liftinint, if yez wud sind these to Father Blake, town of Athlague, county Rosecommon, Ireland; and tell him I died a soger in the faith av me fathers. I've nayther kith nor kin in the broad wurreld, liftinint, and tell him to sell me medals to pay for masses for the rest of me sowl. Its for this I axed yez to come to me, lad, and to beg yez to see that I am buried in consecrated ground. Will yez promise this last great favor, liftinint?"

"Yes, O'Reilly, with all may heart," I answered. "Your papers and medals will go to their destination through the first British Consulate I can find, with a letter from me to Father Blake."

"God bless yez. liftinint. It's sure I was av that. Now give me another lift, lad. There, now I am aisyer, but its afire I am inside"—and he sank among the pillows with a sigh. I thought him dozing, but suddenly raising himself on his elbows he turned on me fiercely and screamed: "Go home to yer dear ould mother, lad; go home! Go home at wance! No matter how many byes she has, go home to her; fer its crying her ould eyes out she is this very night fer her laddie that's fartherest away; quit this murderhen thrade, liftinint! No good ever kim av sogerin—God bless and kape yez in his howly kapin; but go home, lad, go home." And grasping my hand with a grip of iron, he sank back into troubled slumber.

Oh, had I taken the old hero's advice!

A tumbler half filled with water, on top of which floated an inch of olive oil,

on top of which, again, floated a cork-supported wick that cast a subdued light throughout the sick room flinging the staggering shadow of a crucifix standing on another table against the bare, white-washed opposite wall, the night breezes shifting the shadow to the right and left, and up and down, by gently moving the wick's flame; the black opening of the door leading to the patio, at intervals forming the frame and back ground for the sweet faces of the patient sisters of Charity, when they occasionally peeped in from the corridor, with fingers on lips, and inquiring glances regarding the sleeping soldier; the distant "Quien Viva! "of a sentry, the baying of a far-away dog, or cock crow, mingling with O'Reilly's feverish mutterings going to make up a creepy combination of surroundings anything but inspiring.

For an hour I sat watching the dancing shadow of the cross, and listening to the mutterings of my sleeping friend, occasionally wandering over the frontiers of dreamland to awaken with a start and peer at his pain drawn features, and then tired nature demanded her dues, and I slept to dream that far away over the blue waters I was wandering, shoulder to shoulder with a laughing, merry, soldier-lad under the blazing sun of tropical India's jungles; listening to his quaint speeches and jokes beside the blazing bivouac of the snow-blanketed Crimea, or stalking beside him, rifle in hand, under the star-light of his "silent beat," and I recognized in my dream companion my dying friend. The fantastic panorama shifted and I saw the mad charge at Balaklava, —the blunder of a mad Irishman—with O'Reilly's sabre flashing in the forefront among the Russian gunners, and then I saw him,—a white-haired veteran,—go down under the hail of shot and shell at the "Cerro de las Campanas" at Queretaro. Again it shifted, and far over the sea, where the white fangs of the Atlantic gnaw at the green selvage of the "Emerald Isle," I saw his hard-won medals dissolve in the incense clouds of a Mass officiated by a white-haired priest who seemed to mumblingly repeat: "Money, money, money; from the cradle to the grave;" and then I awoke with a start to find O'Reilly fully awake, but



out of his senses, appearing, nevertheless, to recognize me.

The gentle sisters, seeing at a glance that the crisis was at hand, brought candles and kneeling before the crucifix began aloud the prayers for the dying; Cabriolier, with tears streaming down his rugged cheeks, stealing in on tip-toe and kneeling beside them.

"Lift me a bit, liftinint so I can see the throops march by," and he sank back on my arm contentedly picking at the counterpane with nervous fingers. "Aye, lad, there they come! It's the Scots! Listen to the pipes of the bare-legged beggars. A fine lot, liftinint, a fine lot. Do yez mind the kilts and bare legs liftinint? Aye! but they are fine marchers, and better fighters, liftinint; and better fighters."

He closed his eyes, and I thought he had left us, but again he broke forth enthusiastically: "Do yez mind the dhrums, liftinint? Listin to the dhrums, lad, listen! Aye, but its fine music, liftinint, fine music. Step lively, me brave lads, step lively. Horray fer the Inniskillins! Here comes the Inniskillins! and the Cazadores! The Cazadores wid Mejia, and wid Miramon, and wid the Imperur himself, praise be to God, wid the Imperur! wid the Imperur in person! Long live the Imperur! Long live the Imperur! Long Live .....

A rattle and sigh sounded from his heaving throat; a dull yellowish grey shadow swept over his bronzed features from the forehead downward, his white, curly head sank heavily on my arm and as the rising sun traced the shadows of the window's bars on the opposite wall of his sick room, the spirit of Corporal O'Reilly, in all its bodyless glory, and splendor, strode through the golden gate of morning into the presence of the father of Light. He needed no medals there.

Three months later, as I waved adieu to Kopetzky on his way to Guadalajara, and turned back on the trail toward Queretaro, I felt that I was not entirely alone in that strange land, for Corporal O'Reilly was quietly sleeping in his niche at the City's "Panteon."

Friends had secured me a situation on a cattle estate which I had gladly ac-

cepted, giving all my few remaining funds, excepting thirty dollars to Kopetzky, who was to go whither he willed in search of suitable employment for both of us, I to remain at Queretaro until he was successful, and then follow; but the goddess of chance changed all our well laid plans in almost the twinkling of an eye a few weeks after his departure.

I had continued living with my friend, the gambler, who refused remuneration for my keep, and became angry at its bare mention, awaiting orders to accompany my future employer to his distant estate and the night before our proposed departure found me watching the Roulette wheel, as was my custom, when a strong desire seized me to play what money I had on my person.

I struggled against the desire; but why not play? I would be away in the morning to sure employment, and even if I lost, I would need no money on an out-of-the-way cattle ranch. Others were winning money by the hat full why not I? Even if I lost my little all I wouldn't starve.

The coins in my pocket seemed to burn my fingers. Yes I would play. The call was too loud to resist, and I tossed a ten dollar gold piece on the numbers. The wheel and ball spun in opposite directions, came to a stand-still, and I had won.

Again and again I threw chips of all colors, and coin; on colors, or numbers, wherever they happened to fall, and again and again the dealer shoved me hat-fulls of winnings. At the end of a dozen plays the dice and monte tables were abandoned, and their players were open-mouthed spectators of my wild play. Blue, red, yellow and white chips, silver and gold were stacked before me in heaps, and strangers were helping themselves to stakes with barely a "your permission, Senor." when the proprietor of the game forced his way to my side and, seating himself said, "you need a cashier. Hands off gentlemen, go on with the game."

The wheel spun—I counted nothing and didn't even know the value of the different colored chips. I was placing on the cloths by the handsfull, but I

won, won, won until someone insistently pulled my sleeve and I turned to face the beautiful wife of my gambler friend.

"Come with me this instant," she said, leading me away, and turning to her husband continued "count and cash in for him. He shall not make another bet in this house;" and I followed her as if in a dream, listening to her scolding without knowing what she was saying.

Half an hour later her husband came jubilantly perouetting into the parlor shouting "the boy has won over ten thousand. Luckily you took him away, he would have broken us in another hour. It was the greatest dash of luck I ever saw."

"He plays no more in this house," she answered firmly. "He goes home to his people immediately. Send at once and advise Gonzalez to look for another employee as O'Neill leaves at once for New York.

Ten days later, after doing all in my power to make these generous friends retain at least half my winnings, with an order in my pocket against the "Monte de Piedad of the City of Mexico for ten thousand dollars, and plenty of money in my pocket for the road, after telling adieus to all my Queretaro acquaintances, I joined a well armed party of Mexican gentlemen and a week later found myself at the Capital with my money order changed for a letter of credit on Vera Cruz.

## Hoosier Paths

Blazed by D. H. SNOKE, M. D.

Who shall measure the difference between the power of those who "do and teach," and who are greatest in the kingdoms of earth, as of heaven—and the power of those who undo and consume—whose power at the fullest, is only the power of the moth and the rust?—*Ruskin.*

OUR path this month shall wend its way through some of the facts and figures of food and feeding. If incidentally we polish some of the angles with a little rhetoric, or insert here and there some poetic fancy, which, prose-wise, will flow along the lines of our theme, it is because we deem the subject worthy of all adornment possible, albeit its symmetry of simple truth is beautiful enough to engage the attention of every mind that aspires to advancement, and to the unfoldment which makes for power and effectiveness in life.

There is nothing more vital to the race today than the making of perfect blood. As a race, physical manifestation is essential, and the best physical structure can only be made from the best of blood. This rosy tide of life, ripples rhythmically along its arterial course, glittering in the light of an infinite shining, and keyed to the harmony of supernal synchronism, or flows sullenly on, darkling

with gloom and harsh with discord, according as it is fed from its source.

It was the intuitive recognition of these two conditions, and a desire to contribute to the former, which originally gave rise to the manufacture of "health" foods, and it is the material recognition of the wide-spread demand, which is everywhere apparent, that has multiplied trusts with millions of money back of them, which has floated the markets full of indifferently prepared cereals and other forms of so-called "health" foods, each christened with some name calculated to ensnare the fancy of the unthinking purchaser. And as if fully aware of the cupidity of the average consumer, some of these institutions offer premiums galore to enhance the sales of their varied products. Frankly, we think inherent merit should be the regulator of sales in any article of food, or in anything else for that matter.

The nearer to a natural state in which food can be prepared for dietetic use, the better. (We of course exclude the flesh of animals in this consideration, feeling that we are addressing a reading audience who have evolved past the point

of inhumanity essential to such gross and unrefined practices.) And all such edibles as will require only washing as the preparatory need, rank first as health givers, viz; fruits, nuts, and such vegetables as do not require the agency of fire to make palatable. Next, would naturally come those which require the least cooking and combination with condiments, and mineral and other ferments, and lastly would follow those other varieties which require longer contact with the artificial heat of the fire.

This brings us to speak of bread. Of all foods in common use no one article has been so abused as bread. There is, perhaps, a good reason for this. Superstition, tradition, religion, poetry, art and science have each contributed their share in making it popular and causing its legitimate use to be transformed into the most flagrant abuse.

We unhesitatingly and positively denounce the current customs as to the making and use of bread for food, as being responsible for more of the ills of the civilized race than almost any other article entering into the universal bill of fare. It would take too long, and entirely transcend the intent of this article for us to enter into the reasons why, so we content ourselves in merely making the statement.

From somewhere along the line of march must sound the trump of truth, and we shall not hesitate to utter what we deem to be of value to our brother man.

But to return for a little further brief consideration of the blood; we wish to say that this theme has received only a conventional attention by the majority of the people,—even from those who regard themselves as thinkers. And being of such *vital* import, we think it merits the closest attention of all.

It is not generally known that the blood is subject to a dual rhythm in its flow, yet such is the fact in the case. All over the body—in all its parts except one—the pulsations resultant from its flow are synchronous, i. e. correspondent in time, with the beating of the heart. Every part of the body we repeat, even to the membrane which surrounds the brain, but in the brain substance itself, this arterial pulsation is synchronous with the respiration, as if

the breath of life which God breathed into man's nostrils stood twin with the God-like function of man—thought.

We resume again the thread of our thought which relates to food. It is an enticing theme since it relates us to the primary foundation of our physical manifestation, and when we remember that its rational use writes its story in satiny skins, bright eyes, good teeth, rosy cheeks, springy footsteps, clear brains and brilliant, masterful thought, we are glad to welcome the sensation of *hunger* which puts us in touch with its vivifying effects.

But when we contemplate the dull and wrinkled skin, sallow from lost function, pain-shadowed eyes, dragging footsteps, clouded brains, with impeded, ineffective thought, we have the painfully eloquent story of *appetite* resulting in over-repletion, and which is more or less marked upon the faces of at least nine tenths of the adult population.

This last named condition is absolutely superfluous. *Rightly fed*, man is equal to every emergency which may arise in his career, because *right food in right quantity*, will insure *right blood*; and right blood will nourish and properly stimulate the brain that the most effective thought may obtain, out of which will arise the potent action which is the desire of all.

We are aware that our noble Mental Science friends champion the idea that thought, alone and unaided, will achieve success and health and long life upon any and all planes, but the returns do not wholly justify this assertion. While thought may be effective in a body and brain *stuffed* and *starved* by the over-repletion (which is characteristic even in many of our thinkers) it would be doubly, yea, trebly powerful in an unshackled organism in which a strong flow of good blood would nourish untrammelled thought centers.

We affirm that ninety-nine persons in every hundred are over-fed, and that this over-feeding is more a bar to human elevation than the rum traffic, and that it is more disastrous to health and life than war.

Under the present conditions neither long life nor good health is possible. Under a correct and scientific method of feeding, hundred year clubs would flourish.



ish, and science, the arts, and agriculture would advance with giant strides to greater victories than the world has ever known.

A man constructs an engine and very aptly computes how many pounds of coal will furnish the heat to create the steam to run this engine for a given number of hours, days, months or years, and can readily approximate on this basis, its capacity in a commercial sense. His heat units add to the requisite amount.

Under right conditions the full working capacity of the man is just as readily obtained, and the amount and kind of food essential to keep this at par. The calorie or food unit is a thing of definite measurement, and corresponds to a given quantity of proteids, carbohydrates and fats, which, in the organism stands for a given amount of functioning.

With this in mind it is readily seen that a man six feet in height and weighing one hundred and eighty pounds would require more calories than a man five feet in height and weighing one hundred and forty pounds. Or it may easily be perceived how, if the height and weight of an individual were known, it is possible to prescribe intelligently the amount of food essential to health in a given line of work, since the unit of food would correspond to the unit in the individual.

This refers particularly to dwellers in cities and towns where the average of labor is established by custom, and it applies to occupations either physical or mental. Of course individuals in other localities would find the rule working quite as well under the same computation, the element of difference of time in their employment requiring only slight variations.

It is not the maximum amount of food that the system will stand that we should seek to ascertain, but the minimum amount consistent with the best health and highest functioning.

We have no trouble in verifying these things and are positive that the methods applied are consistent with fact and principle.

Habit has much—indeed it has all—to do with present conditions. Nowhere is conventionalism more dead in its ef-

fects than in the matter of foods and feeding. A style of cookery prevails everywhere the first letter of whose tenets is written upon the cradles of babes, and the last, mutely eloquent, is read from grave-stones which mark the termination of lives in their prime, instead of a period where the ripeness of a far-reaching age might mark its material finis with the glory of something truly achieved and won.

Our text from Ruskin is worthy the combined thought of all the race. It is redolent of human states and human needs. It would require the golden reed, which the Revelator saw in the hands of the measuring angel, to measure the difference in *distance* between the power of a rightly-fed individual, and his starved and dwarfed (through overfeeding) brother, and the difference in *weight* between the power of the two could only be gauged by the scales of Infinite Justice, fair Libra, whose balance computes evermore the weight of heaven's jewels—Night's shining stars.

The world needs men and women as never before, souls of power to voice the words of truth which frees. There is a cry for light among the sense-laden who would cast aside the burden which weighs down when they would rise. Let us on to the rescue! How shall we reach these jewels destined for Evolution's glittering crown? One chiefest way presents. Let us clear away the rubbish of over-feeding, and so remove the obstacles which prevent their shining forth. This is the direct line to freedom. Let all have right of way.

"Three square meals a day" howls the great multitude, and "three square meals a day plus lunches, wines, and confections between," chimes in the great 400." "Its the thing you know" to eat, and drink and make merry awhile, and finally land in the sheol of gout, if you are rich, rheumatism if you are poor, or the common perdition of skin diseases, scrofula, cancer, apoplexy, heart-disease, dropsy, Brights' disease, deafness, bronchitis, diabetes, anaemia, chlorosis, epilepsy, lost manhood, female weakness, nervous prostration, dyspepsia, insanity, and all due to wrong methods of feeding, and all as surely curable by right methods of the same.

"But," says someone, "here is a case



of inherited disease; this individual's ailment is hereditary, and therefore cannot be due to over feeding." Allow us to say that many sins of commission are saddled upon the nightmare "heredity," while the facts are that very nearly all children are born healthy,—a most wise provision of Nature. Let us impress you with the real fact that it is **THE HABIT OF OVER-FEEDING WHICH THE CHILD INHERITS AND THIS IT IS, WHICH, IN DUE COURSE, PRODUCES THE DISEASE.** This is the key to at least *nine-tenths* of the diseases which are termed hereditary, and therefore considered incurable, whereas, they are as amenable to right treatment as any other form of ailment.

The causes operating in producing disease from overfeeding are as follows:

The food, by mastication and insalivation in the mouth, by chymification in the stomach, and chylification, its last digestive process, is rendered ready for use in the blood. As a rule, particularly upon the three meal a day plan, *all* the food ingested into the stomach is not digested before a new lot of undigested food is placed within it again. It is here that complications begin. A ferment (between the two different stages of digestion forced upon the stomach) is engendered, and this is thrown into the circulation with resultants of every conceivable form of disease, from a feeling of mere indisposition to the gravest sort of diseases. For the blood can accommodate only a certain amount, and as soon as the toleration point is reached another infringement causes the blood to unload into the tissues the effete fermentative material and this, being now foreign matter, is the cause of the disturbance. Another fruitful source is that an individual having a liking for some particular form of food partakes so largely of it that the circulation soon gets an overplus and disturbance results from over-feeding.

It requires no stretch of the imagination to realize the condition of blood laden with a mixed chyle which it is not ready to receive, and how this matter retained for days, months and years, renders health impossible, and life a mere existence with only fevered spells of happiness arising from the hope that real health may be attained.

How necessary, therefore, is a due understanding of the right way in diet when this will insure immunity from the ills that beset us year in and year out and render us healthful, happy and effective as factors in the world's doings. Just think of it, the blood contains nothing which has not been presented to it in the way of food and drink and breath, the largest amount coming from food, and it is startling to think that *we* manufacture our diseases out of the over-plus of food that we ingest.

Disease of the heart, of the circulation, of the brain, of the respiration, of the nerves, intestines, kidneys, liver and spleen, of the skin, hair and nails, are all due to changes in nutrition and depend, therefore, more upon digestion, and therefore upon *food* supply, than upon any single thing or condition involved.

Even flesh eaters, by a proper attention to quantity and right variety, can fully count upon *ten to fifteen* years of life above their average, and to those who eschew flesh foods we assert their lives shall be longer by many more years and useful in proportion as they may will.

The common practice of three meals daily, with *pounds* of food ingested, needs change to fewer times of partaking, with *ounces* in quantity for a basis of operation. This rightly applied upon a basic consideration of height and weight will bring a result in good health to the afflicted, and immunity from disease, and happiness to the well. We are proving this to our satisfaction and delight every day of our lives.

Whole volumes might be truthfully written upon this theme and not exhaust the facts therein, but we must end our excursion shortly for this time. We wish that we could so emphasize the truths we have tried to portray, that they might reach the suffering everywhere. Are you handicapped by disease, and do you feel that your way is barred to successful issue of your hopes? Then sit down and ponder this article in all its bearings until you have its meanings well in your mind; then rise and do that which reason says is sane and just and safe, and you may as certainly rely upon being well if afflicted, and free from pain and disease if you are well.

Medicines do not cure—they cannot. The best that medicine can do is to patch, or at most to *change the form of* disease; they do not remove the *cause*. We say this after a long period of closest observation. The same is true of the varied forms of electrical appliances used in general medical practice. To rid the system of disease, ONE MUST CLEAN HOUSE and to do this, THERE IS ONLY ONE SAFE, SANE, AND THEREFORE RIGHT WAY, and that is to properly regulate the food supply from which blood

is made, and this we have indicated to you. Do not despair, whatever your ailment, do not fear disease if you are well, for there is a right path, if you will but walk in it. There is no brighter motto to write upon the tablet of our hearts than that expressed by the words, "Plain living fosters high thinking." Let us inscribe this where we shall never lose sight of it; let us make good blood and we shall dwell long in this goodly land to do the good our noblest aspirations prompt.

## The Body Beautiful

BY NANNETTE MAGRUDER PRATT

### The Food Question in Hospitals.

THE writer hopes that the readers of the Pathfinder have become so converted to the laws of hygiene that they will never have to go to a hospital for an operation; that is, an operation upon any diseased organ—brought on by improper living.

Once in a while, however, it is necessary to have the anatomy repaired, in case of an accident; or one finds that the hospital is a good place to go to if one is threatened with typhoid fever or pneumonia, and the conditions at home are not conducive to proper care.

Sometimes women prefer a hospital to their own homes during confinement.

The service is generally splendid except in one way. The quality and preparation of the food is oftentimes atrocious.

In some cases, where one has a private room and a special nurse, the food is prepared by that nurse, and is light, delicate and nourishing, although oftentimes not just what the patient needs to bring about a prompt recovery.

But where one does *not* have a special nurse to prepare his food for him, he must eat what is brought to him, or go hungry in case his stomach rebels at the mixture.

I think it is about time that the food question was looked into at hospitals. First and second cooks are hired who

know nothing of hygienic cooking. Everything goes: Fried potatoes, fried eggs, corned beef and cabbage, boiled tea, bad coffee, hot biscuits, pie, cake, doughnuts, tough meat, greasy gravies, badly cooked vegetables, greasy soups; and white bread is always in evidence.

A lady of my acquaintance was obliged to go to a large hospital in Chicago to have an operation performed. Her doctor told her to go there a week before the operation, to become prepared for it.

It was something like being in a hotel. The lady sat in her room doing fancy work, reading, writing, etc., and three times a day her meals were brought to her. She had a good appetite, but the quality and preparation of the food were such as she had never been called upon to eat before, so she let the tray go away time after time with everything untouched upon it, and contented herself with fruit and nuts which were brought her by friends. She felt very sorry for the other patients who were grossly ignorant about the food question and who bolted the indigestible masses like clock-work three times a day. In a hospital, before an operation especially, the blood should be made as pure as possible, and pure blood is made by clean, wholesome, well-prepared food and pure water. In visiting several large hospitals in the United States the writer has found them sadly lacking in

hygienic cooking. Pork is not excluded from the menu.

It is true that twelve or twenty-four hours before an operation enemas are given to empty out the intestines and only liquid food is given, but the bad blood which has been manufactured before that time will not be purified by that process.

Referring again to the lady mentioned above:

She had sense enough not to eat the food brought to her, and her system became all cleaned out during the week preceding the operation, because of her diet of fruit and nuts and plenty of water.

After the operation (which was rather simple—the result of an accident) she was allowed only liquid diet for five days. They brought her greasy chicken soup, beef broth, tea, coffee, tasteless cocoa and milk. Her stomach rebelled against it all, and she begged permission to drink water and orange juice in preference. That was allowed, although the nurse scowled politely.

At the end of five days two poached eggs, white bread toast and tea were brought. That did not suit my lady, and she redoubled her efforts on the orange juice. I will not take up the time to go into detail about all of the food that came into that room on the big varnished tray, but after awhile all kinds of indigestibles made their appearance. The tray was taken away with nearly everything undisturbed. Once in awhile apple sauce or other stewed fruit found a welcome, but nothing else was fit to be eaten by a person confined to her bed.

Friends brought fruit, nuts, vegetable salad, wine jelly, home-made and delicious home-made, whole wheat bread toasted, so the lady got along beautifully; slept like a top; had no fever, recuperated with a bound and was able to leave the hospital in two weeks in splendid condition.

Now the thought I want to leave with you is:

If for any reason you ever have to go to a hospital, try to get out of going until a day or two before the operation. Prepare yourself at home. Purify your blood by clean food and pure water—distilled if possible. Be out doors as

much as possible; breathe deeply; bathe daily and live as hygienically as possible. And then, after you go to the hospital lay in a supply of oranges (and other fruit if you like) and don't touch the hospital fare if you can help it, unless you are assured that the cooking is what it *should be*. I think uncooked food should be used in hospitals. It will improve a person's health in every way. Before and after an operation a person's system should be cleared out as much as possible. Stuffing should *never* be allowed, and if the Doctors and nurses have not been brought up along rational lines, use your own judgment and refuse to eat that which you *know* should not be given to a sick person, and which a well person would be much better off without.

A hospital is splendid in its cleanliness, in its antiseptic facilities, often in its wonderful surgery, and in the kindness of the doctors and nurses, but they are way off on the general eating question and people are to be pitied who haven't the courage of their convictions, or who never heard of hygiene, or who are not blessed with friends who know enough to bring the right kind of food into a sick room. And as I intimated before, even if one has his own nurse who prepares his food herself, she often gives him more to eat than he requires—shut up as he is, without exercise. So let us hope that some time clean wholesome food (preferably uncooked) will find its way into the hospital to assist Nature in her kindly efforts to restore.

I have known many people who have been brought to health through the raw food diet. There are two men in this town who were nervous wrecks a couple of years ago, and are now *well*. They live absolutely on raw food, fruit, nuts, vegetable salad, whole wheat crackers (uncooked), cheese, figs, dates, ripe olives, raisins and peanut butter.

I am not prepared to say that every one should try the raw food diet and if it agrees with him keep it up forever.

But I am quite sure that every one could be benefited by it, and that for one, two or three months it would be advisable. It cleans the system out wonderfully; clears up the skin, brightens the eye, and seems to make one's step elastic. Anyone troubled with constipa-



tion will be greatly benefited and in nearly every case cured.

I advocate distilled water and find that while most people do splendidly on two quarts a day, some do not need quite so much.

For beverages there are lemonade, orangeade, grape juice and orange juice.

While in California this summer I drank the juice of from six to eighteen and twenty oranges a day. It agreed with me splendidly. Some people say fruit does not agree with them. I have them try it with uncooked food. Very often they find it *does* agree with them then. Some can not conquer the ill effects of raw fruit. I have them stew it and that seems to make it digestible for them.

A friend of mine said she just could not digest nuts. I asked her if she ate them at the end of a cooked dinner? Yes! I asked her if she masticated them to a liquid? No, she did not think she did. I put her on a raw food diet for awhile. She found that the nuts, well chewed, agreed with her then.

But if she had said they distressed her then, I would have told her to stop eating them. I do not approve of making people eat things that they know disagree with them.

Of all splendid things to eat in California and Arizona are ripe olives. Only the green ones are bottled for the Eastern trade, and they are considered indigestible. But the ripe ones! they are simply delicious and so good for one.

The uncooked wholewheat crackers are not palatable to some, but if eaten with figs, or dates, or fresh fruit, they are ever so good.

If a person is going through a little raw food drill, he must have something hard to *chew*, and the uncooked wheat crackers are just the thing.

One gentleman who belongs to our "crank lodge" says that nothing must be eaten that cannot be chewed. Some one wrote him "how about bananas?" Bananas can be chewed, so can all kinds of fruit. Some things can be softened into a liquid by the tongue—and while the softening process is going on, the saliva is getting in its work, and about the same result is obtained.

If you are suffering with rheumatism, indigestion, constipation, nervousness or

a general run-down condition, try raw food for awhile. You will find plenty to eat. Drink plenty of pure water, between meals, stay out of doors as much as possible, sleep in a well-ventilated room and hold the thought that all is going to be well with you.

After you have eaten raw food for a while, your digestive organs will be in better shape, and in two or three months you can eat cooked food with better results than before—in case you *want* to go back to cooked food—but you may look so well and feel so well that you will stay by your raw food diet indefinitely.

If you *do* go back to cooked food, have only one cooked meal a day, and eat simple, wholesome things. The other one or two meals eat fruit and nuts, or anything else which may appeal to you—just so it is on your raw food list.

Many old settlers laugh at "we uns of Crank Lodge" and brag about their sixty, seventy, eighty and ninety years of life without any knowledge of hygiene. I tell them they started with better constitutions than the present generation; that their childhood was harder; their houses were not steam-heated; they slept in cold bedrooms; they walked instead of riding on street cars; they ate simpler food; went to bed early and got up early; did more work out of doors. All that they agree to, but cannot see that that had all to do with it. Uncle Reuben isn't in sympathy with us, and puts his ideas in verse:

Let others sing the praises of  
Hy-geen-ic diet wise,  
Of "purely balanced bills of fare"  
An' laud 'em to the skies;  
An' let 'em have it ef they want,  
Their "pre-digested food"  
(I dunno what it means unless  
What some 'un else has chewed);  
But as fur me, I never care  
Fur such societee  
The kind of food I allus had  
Is good enough fur me.

My darter has a breakfas' dish—  
Combed wheat, size two by four;  
I'd rather chew my red mustache  
Or soaked excelsior.  
Her morning drink's a "substitoot"  
Mine coffee, strong's can be;  
An' thet, an' doughnuts rich an' brown  
Is good enough fur me.

When dinner time comes 'round she talks  
Of substitoots fur meat.  
An' vows that animals wa'nt made  
For cruel men to eat.



I'll let her rant an' lectur' while  
 I eat, so she can see  
 Thet pork an' veal an' beef an' lamb  
 Is good enough fur me.

Fur pie, thet best dessert of all,  
 She simply hez no use,  
 Because "the mixed-up lard an flour  
 Takes too much gastric juice."  
 An' so she nibbles some raw fruit  
 While undisturbedlee  
 I find a second piece of pie  
 Is good enough fur me.

The things I hev at supper time  
 She says are "most absurd;"

Fur SHK takes just a tabletoid  
 Fit fur a tiny bird.  
 Hot biscuit spread with honey thick,  
 Washed down with good strong tea,  
 An' sliced potatoes fried in pork  
 Is good enough fur me.

She talks of generations heuce  
 All made so good an' great,  
 With lives prolonged prodigiously  
 By what today WE ate;  
 Wal! Mother lived to ninety-one  
 An' father's ninety-three;  
 I guess the kind of food THEY hed  
 Is good enough fur me.

## Life

BY MAUD JOHNSON.

"To live, to live, is life's great joy, to feel—  
 Feel the living God within—to look  
 And, in the beauty that all things reveal  
 Still meet the living God."

**L**IFE, life, how much that word means. To feel the calm repose of perfect health, to feel the throb of buoyant life in every vein, to feel the thrill of eternal life in every nerve, to look about and see only beauty, life, harmony, joy everywhere and in every thing, that is life indeed. Can we attain to this? Yes. How? Call forth the living God within.

A few years ago I was probably as unhappy as any human being could be. Sick, miserable, wretched; blown about by every wind; unstable; having no will; doing whatever I was led to do by circumstances. Then there came to me an angel, an angel clothed in human flesh, an angel who said just the right word. It was "Open Sesame," and there before me lay the great possibilities of life revealed. With the eye of faith I looked into the future. I saw what was pictured there, and then came the desire to attain.

Friends, sometimes the way looks hard, the journey looks long, the path is narrow, the grade is steep; but keep on going. It is worth the trial; and the reward, oh, the reward—it is unspeakable. "Things which eye saw not, and ear heard not, and which entered not into the heart of man." If the goal seems too far ahead, if the way seems too steep, do not worry about it, just take the first little step. Having taken one you will

be ready to take another, and the first thing you know you will have passed the first mile stone. Sometimes when the way is exceedingly hard and you are all tired out, rest. A little rest will give you renewed strength to take up the journey again. But when you sit down to rest be sure you find a safe place. Do not risk sitting on a loose stone; it might slip and take you along. Do not sit down with your face toward a precipice; you might be tempted to jump over. Take care, do not fall, but if you do slip, do not get discouraged; jump up and try again. The way will be easier this time. Keep going, my friend, upward, upward, onward, for I say again, the reward is unspeakable.

Oh, what a delight to stand on the mountain peak, to inhale the fresh, exhilarating air. To look out over the broad landscape. To see the beauty of the world. To hear the birds sing. To watch the little stream of melted snow trickle down the mountain side. Watch it as it crosses the valley. Now it is a river; on and on it goes to the ocean only to be caught up again in a cloud and returned to its mountain home. On and on it goes, over and over. It speaks the word eternity. Hear it, friends? Eternity! You have eternity to grow in; but, oh, the joy of it is too great, you cannot afford to delay. Come with me, let us scale the heights.

I hear some one say, "Yes, that sounds nice. You have said some pretty things, but tell us how. We see the path, we see the mountain's peak, but

we do not see the gate." Let me show you the gate.

About two thousand years ago there lived a man who said some beautiful things. Things not only beautiful, but exceedingly practical, too. Listen. "He that renounceth not all that he hath cannot be my disciple." And again, "he that hath forsaken father, mother, sisters, brothers, wife, and children, and houses and lands for my name's sake, to him shall be given father, mother, sisters, brothers, wife, children, houses, lands, a hundred-fold more than he had and eternal life." Look at that. You get back all you gave and eternal life thrown in. Now let us think. Does it mean that you must literally forsake, neglect, forget, part from your own people, your own flesh and blood? Not necessarily, but it *does* mean that you must be your own master; be responsible to no one and for no one. Stand to yourself alone. Everyone must do this sooner or later. "To his own lord he standeth or faileth." Forsake all then, everything, in order that you may feel your own individuality; lean on no one. You do not need any help. You have strength enough within, if you will only use it. "Yea, he shall be made to stand; for the Lord hath power to make him staid." Not the little finite God that sits way up yonder on a big white throne; but the infinite, everlasting, Universal God—the Eternal God, the *Internal* God. He is with you always, just waiting, waiting,—waiting to serve you. Wake up, look at yourself.

Don't you see your divinity? Your soul is divine. Give it a chance to speak.

But to come back. If we do forsake all that we have, what do we get in return? All that we gave, a hundred times more, and eternal life. You will get back not only your own father, and mother, and sister, and brother, wife, and child, but every one else's sister, brother, father, mother, wife, and child. How so? You have become one with the Universal Life. All that lives (and everything lives) is a part of yourself. The birds, the flowers, the streams, the very stars themselves are *you*. One hears much talk now-a-days about Universal Brotherhood; but to feel it—that is quite another matter. It is easy to say, "I look upon every man as my brother;" but to take the negro by the hand, to look into his eyes, to see that beneath that black skin there is a soul—a soul just as white as your soul, that is a different thing entirely. Try it—it is good practice. It will not only do his soul good if you recognize it, but it will do your own even more good. Universal Brotherhood! Yes, that is the watchword. Let it ring till the very heavens themselves shall echo it back again and the angels shall shout loud Hosannas.

Yes, friends, this is the Life, the true Life,—the Universal Life, throbbing in the Universal Heart. This is the Life you feel when you stand on the Summit. This is the Life you feel when you take in long draughts of pure, rarified, mountain air. And then, up There—there is peace.

## Home Course in Physical Culture

CONDUCTED BY U. G. FLETCHER.

*To The Path-Finder Family, Greetings:* Arrangements have been made with the editor of this magazine whereby I am to give you a short course in Physical Culture, and in this issue you will find the first exercises.

The exercises are apt to make you a little stiff and sore for a week or two, if you are not used to training, but stick to them and you will win out. If you train alone, just after arising or before retiring is, perhaps, the best and most

convenient time. Always have the room well ventilated when you exercise. Sleep in a well ventilated room, live on plain simple food, eat only when positively hungry and you will soon begin to enjoy the health and strength which is your heritage by nature.

*Exercise 1.* Stand erect as in illustration No. 1. Rise slowly on the toes while lifting the chest as high as possible, drawing the chin back and taking a full breath. Balance on the toes

from 5 to 10 seconds while holding the breath and then bring the heels to the floor very slowly while exhaling. Rest a few seconds and try again. Repeat five times and if tired sit down and rest a minute or two and then repeat five times more, this time with arms folded over chest. If your heart or lungs are

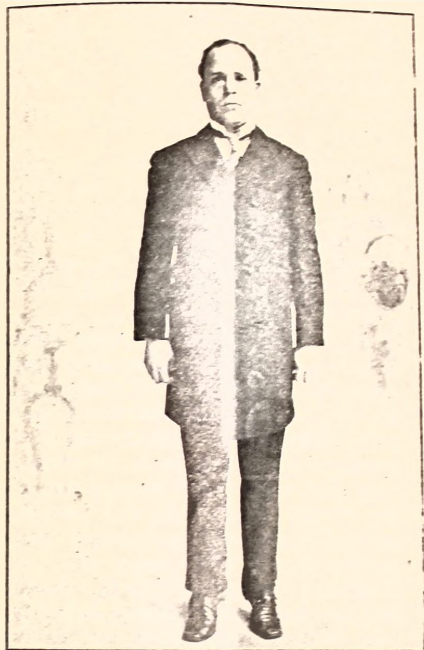


ILLUSTRATION NO. 1.



ILLUSTRATION NO. 2.



ILLUSTRATION NO. 3.

weak don't try to hold the breath more than two or three seconds. If you have never tried it, you will have some fun learning to balance on your toes, but you can learn to do it. This exercise will give you an erect form, full chest, strong lungs and steady nerves. Practice it faithfully.

*Exercise 2.* Stand with feet well apart as in illustration No. 2. Swing the fist up as in figure while taking a deep, full breath. Hold the breath. Bring the fist slowly down towards the shoulder while tensing it and the arm with great vigor. When the fist is as near the shoulder as you can get it, relax and exhale very slowly while lowering the hand to the side. Repeat the exercise five times with each hand.



Tensing exercises done while holding the breath will soon give one great strength and vigor. Practice this exercise carefully for one month and you will have stronger arms, a fuller chest, greater breathing capacity and more energy than you have at present, if you are lacking in any of these.

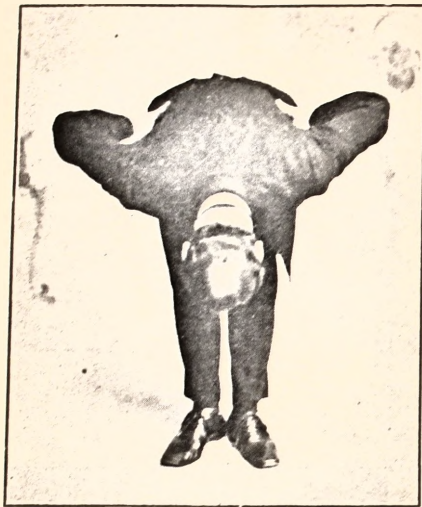


ILLUSTRATION No. 4.

*Exercise 3.* Stand as in illustration No. 3. Bend forward very slowly and exhale completely while bringing the head down as near the knees as possible, as in illustration No. 4. Hold this attitude several seconds without taking any breath and then rise slowly to the starting position, while taking a deep, full inhalation very smoothly. Stand dead still for several seconds while holding the breath and keeping the face towards the ceiling. Bend forward again and repeat the exercise from five to ten times.

This is an excellent exercise and if practiced faithfully in connection with the others here given, it will strengthen and develop almost all parts of the body. This exercise will develop and strengthen the torso and the other two the limbs, while each will increase the breathing capacity.

## Marriage and Divorce

THERE has been such a constant demand for the July Number of Conable's Path-Finder, in which the article on "Marriage and Divorce" appeared, that the supply has been exhausted. Single orders for as many as one hundred copies have been received for the purpose of free distribution. The only thing that we can do in order to give this article the wider circulation which many of our friends feel that it should have, is to reproduce it. Following will be found the article in full.—Ed.]

Apropos of the agitation in California and other sections of the country relative to the passage of more stringent laws affecting the married classes, I am moved to rise to the roof of the tallest sky-scraper and speak without formal introduction.

At the Methodist conference recently held in Los Angeles, some good brother advocated the endorsement and adoption, by the Church, of the custom of our Romanist friends, not to marry any of their members who had been divorced except such divorce had been obtained on the ground of adultery, and permitting none of their members to apply for divorces except for the same cause. Our Methodist brother further advocated and insisted that all State legislatures pass such stringent laws on this subject as to make it practically impossible to obtain divorces at all except in the most aggravated cases.

Of course, from the standpoint of the Church, this looks all right; but from the standpoint of enlightenment and common sense it is all wrong.

The sin of the present day is the living together of inharmonious and incompatible men and women, who bring children into the world; and our friends would perpetuate this great crime and continue to populate the earth with all sorts of physical derelicts.

A great mistake is being made somewhere, that is evident; but it should not be traced to the laxity of statutory enactments. The whole trouble lies in the unfitness, physically, of men and women to perpetuate the race—the absence of a proper comprehension of the



necessity of bringing children into the world only under the most harmonious and physically perfect conditions.

How many couples are there who are fit to go into the human breeding business? Show us a single one, and we will show you a million that are unfitted from every standpoint. Still, our friends of the Church and others would have such methods adopted and such laws passed as would continue the inharmonious marriage relation, and thus indefinitely perpetuate a dwarfed race. Not only this, but a race of lusts, imbeciles, incompetents and criminals. That is what it means when analyzed—this demand for continued inharmonious cohabitation.

But the question arises, how shall we solve this problem of marriage?—this physical compact between the male and the female? For it is simply physical compact, and nothing else. There is no real love in it—only the sort that the world calls love, which is purely physical admiration, and can never be anything else. Were it anything else than purely a desire to manifest on the physical plane, there would never be any inharmonies; then the divorce court would be an unheard-of thing. But just so long as the present marriage system is in vogue, just so long will the necessity arise for some process by which inharmonious couples may be separated.

Once a system is inaugurated which will prevent the separation of men and women who have foolishly "united their fortunes" by the process of the so-called marriage tie, then indeed will our asylums, penal institutions and homes for the decrepit and weak-minded become as numerous as are the institutions of the day which teach nothing but ignorance and vicious methods of living.

It is not a "tiger" marriage that the world is in need of, but a marriage that, first, brings together opposite forces only which are in perfect harmony with each other; and, second, wherever a mistake has been made that it may be rectified at the earliest possible moment by a complete severance of further relations, to the end that an estoppel may be placed upon further continuance of the sex relation.

No crime or sin is greater than the

bringing into the world of a physical body under inharmonious conditions. It is an appalling offense against the new life thus brought forth. A great wrong has been committed—one whose measure of sinfulness has no parallel.

In one day recently there were fifteen suicides in the city of New York alone. Does anyone suppose for a moment that a single one of these would have occurred except for the damning sin of the parents in bringing physical bodies into the world incapacitated to cope with such conditions as were likely to surround them?

Occurrences like these ought at least to set people thinking and cause them to try and solve the problem leading up to such tragedies.

No one is to blame except the parents. No one is to blame for any physical defects in a child except the parents.

Parents wonder why their children are disobedient, are crippled in mind or body, are unhealthy, are unbalanced, are insane, are thieves. All these and more are handed down to the children from the parents. They are all beilooms from the fountain-head of physical creative energy. The parents may not have been afflicted with the particular defect visited on the offspring, but the inharmony existing between the father and mother has produced the irregularities in the child, and the child is the physical expression of such inharmonies.

These are what we call the physical environments with which children are submerged. The first great crime lies with the parents in bringing these children into the world. They are criminals of the highest order—in many instances of the lowest order.

If this is all true, where and when does the child assume its own responsibility for the commission of offenses, you ask?

When the child reaches maturity (puberty) there comes to the surface a conscious consciousness of the personal responsibilities of life. As the child grows older the clearer does this consciousness become, provided ordinary normal conditions prevail, and the environments at birth are not of too negative a character; provided, in other words, that the machinery of the head is not of such character as to be un-

able to bring physical consciousness into manifestation. When one is insane, as it is called, there is no fault or defect with anything except the physical machinery of the body; that which the father and mother manufactured and gave to the child.

We often hear people say, "Why has God visited me with such a terrible punishment?" God had nothing to do with it. There is simply physical defect somewhere, and the fault lies at the factory. But unless all sense is absent—unless the physical machinery is too imperfect—it devolves upon each individual to personally correct all errors and come in touch as speedily as possible with the natural law governing every phase of growth and development. If we fail to do this, then there is another repetition of the deadening conditions just passed through—other physical bodies besides our own are made to suffer.

In this way we are made to understand the crime of "giving" and "taking" in marriage in the absence of perfect harmony and perfected physical structures.

Men and women who live together in inharmony and produce children, commit a crime that cannot be palliated.

Men and women who marry and produce children out of imperfect bodies, commit a crime no less outrageous.

The present moral decrepitude of the world is the result of the present system of marital life—the coming together of physical bodies unfit to create anything more than a mere shack for the Divine Life to occupy.

Would I make the laws any more lax than they are now in the matter of securing divorces? I certainly would. The very fact that one or the other of a married couple applies for a divorce is evidence on the face of it that inharmony exists and that a separation should take place. And think of the hundreds of thousands of cases where the divorce courts are not resorted to, where inharmony exists, the parties being deterred because of publicity and other reasons, none of which are valid.

Then, what would become of the chil-

dren born to these people in ignorance? In the absence of the ability to support these children by the parents, the State should take them in charge and school them and give them an opportunity to learn trades or professions, or engage in such occupation as the natural taste inclined them. The State should become the legitimate guardian up to the age of eighteen years.

But there should also be laws to prevent marriages in this ignorant stage of the world. A young man and woman come together, and they think they are in love, and straightway go and get married. Soon they discover that there was no love in it—simply a manifestation of physical interest in each other. This fact soon becomes manifest, and then constant inharmonies and a family of little ones follow; a life of sorrow; the divorce courts; physical wrecks; death.

These are all needed lessons, of course; but they would not have been necessary had there existed an intelligent understanding of the psychological laws which bring physical companions together.

But don't let anyone get the idea that this means so-called "free love," for it does not. Under existing conditions I believe implicitly in some specific form of marriage that the laws of the land take cognizance of. But before such a ceremony takes place I insist that men and women should be enlightened in such manner as not to make any mistakes in the selection of life partners; and be so enlightened that there shall be no creations of physical bodies except on lines of highest physical expression and manifestation.

Under such conditions the initiative of a new race is made possible.

In the continued absence of such enlightenment, we must go the way of all past ages that have persistently lusted on the flesh of their fellows.

Today the doors of the divorce courts should be thrown wide open.

Tomorrow, with the Light that illuminates before us, let them be closed forever.



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